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studies of such subjects. Occasionally a female figure is introduced, as in No. 29, "Marigolds," in which the dusky green of the girl's dress contrasts delightfully with the mass of gold-colored flowers; in No. 49, "Tulips," where the more distant figure half lost in bluish shadow is equally effective among the bands of yellow and scarlet blossoms; in No. 4, "An August Afternoon," in which the pink tones of the girl's dress harmonize admirably with the pale orange of the stubble field. But he is equally successful with the figure treated for itself, as is shown in his "Dutch Tulip Seller," with her two baskets full of splendid blossoms; "The Penitent," black-veiled against a background formed by a yellowish bas-relief; his "End of the Day," a finely-proportioned female figure seen against a twilight sky. And of landscapes without the figure we may mention his "Sunset" with a dark willow swamp in the foreground; his "Rain," a study of a wet road bordered by trees winding through a flat country; his fine seascape of blue sky and drifting clouds and waves, "The North Wind," and his notable effect of snow on the rough grass of the dunes, "A Snowy Morning."

A COLLECTION OF AMERICAN WATER-COLORS of a high average of merit is to be found at Keppel's gallery. We noticed particularly some broadly and pleasantly treated landscapes by Murphy; a "Mountain Stream," dashing over rocks and through deep woods, by C. W. Eaton; a gray afternoon sketch with red lilies growing by a rocky shore, "On the Isles of Shoals," by L. Rosenberg; some clever figure pieces by Rhoda Holmes Nichols; some fresh and almost fragrant Violets," by Mrs. Gaskell, and a Whistler-like night effect with lanterns reflected in dark water, by the versatile Childe Hassam.

AT KLACKNER'S GALLERY, Mr. F. Meder's autumn importation of prints includes some fine old English and German mezzotints and stipple engravings, a set of the old "London Cries" being remarkable for its clean and fresh condition. One of the earliest mezzotints in existence, the portrait of the Margrave of Baden, by Kaspar Furstenberg, is represented by a fine proof. Mr. Meder's etchings by Beham and Callot, line engravings by Goltzius, and woodcuts by Dürer and anonymous Italian masters, will prove of great interest to connoisseurs.

AN EXHIBITION OF BILL-POSTERS at the Grolier Club brings into contrast French and American specimens of the art which usually displays itself out of doors on blank walls and temporary hoardings. The French specimens are not all of a kind. Some affect the Japanese and rely on broad splashes of color and angular outlines for their effect. Others, to our mind more artistic, are frankly European in their suggestion of light and shade and full modelling of the figure. One of the best of these is Mr. Grasset's "L'Age du Romantisme," a romantic-looking young lady in black, dressed in the fashion of 1830, reading. She is in shadow; in the background is the Cathedral of Notre Dame in full sunlight—a difficult effect to attempt in a bill-poster, but fairly well rendered. The American posters show little personal impulsion; all are good; but it is impossible to tell Matt Morgan's work from W. J. Morgan's, or the latter from Thomas's and Wylie's without consulting the catalogue. Doubtless these men had ideas of their own, but their industrial superiors, as is so often the case, would not permit them to get out of the rut.

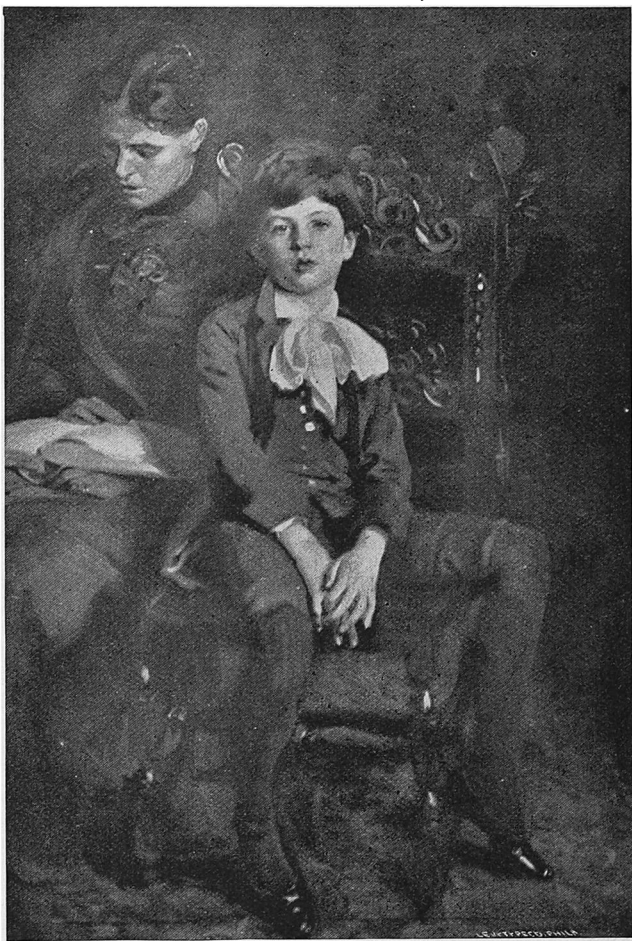
IT is a pity, by the way, that Jan van Beer's fantastic poster of a figurante in black and yellow, for his own "Salon Parisien," Hubert Herkomer's Magazine of Art placard for the Cassells (which, our readers will remember, was seen all over New York a few years ago); Fred Walker's "Woman in White," and certain others, famous in their way, could not have been shown. There have been several admirable American theatrical posters during the last year or two, but their great size probably would have barred them out of the exhibition.

#### THE PHILADELPHIA ART CLUB EXHIBITION.

THE Second Special Exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia opened on November 3d in the fine gallery adjoining the beautiful new Club house. The gallery itself is the ideal of a comparatively small apartment for pictures. With its flat roof, with panels of white ribbed glass set in delicate scroll patterns of Elizabethian style brightened here and there by an occasional patch of gold color, its minstrel's gallery above the ingle nook, and its walls of gilded canvas tarnished like a piece of antique needlework, it is in every respect worthy of being studied by all interested in the habitat for pictures. The collection now on view is worthy of its place. With vivid recollections of the chief exhibitions of 1890 in France, England and America, it may be truly said that at none of them has there been a higher average of merit. Not only are there modern masterpieces such as (to avoid invidious comparison) the two that gained gold medals, but the rank and file of the army are nearly all worthy of their decorated leaders. August-

air" are new to America, but the one called "St. Martin's Summer" was a prominent picture in the "New English" Exhibition in Piccadilly during 1889. The other is of an artist painting, with a lady seated by him amid a group of rushes into which their boat is pulled half out of the water. This study has fine open air quality, is sumptuous in coloration and vividly real in its portraiture. The smiling and benign looking Mr. Isaacson of J. Carroll Beckwith, in spite of its unflinching realism, is, perhaps, the most successful portrait of many notable ones by this artist. Only prejudice could hold that at least half a dozen canvases in this gallery are not fully worthy to hang in any exhibition of living masters. For an extreme instance of modernity the "Lawn Tennis" of Charles C. Curran has scored a triumph. To depict sunlight on grass, contrasted with sunlight filtered through a huge Japanese umbrella, has been tried more than once; here, however, the problem is vanquished. Easy in its composition, and possessing the grace of truth, the picture is a rare example of an everyday subject made great solely by its treatment. "Mother and Child," by W. M. Chase, is well known to those who visit New York exhibitions:

a figure in a dull neutral color Japanese robe is half turned from the spectator, while her baby, in long robes, peeps naturally over her shoulder. Save for the brilliant crimson of the collar, the scheme of color is a subtle harmony in very low key. A picture of somewhat similar size and subject, which was conspicuous at the Society of American Artists' Exhibition last spring, is "Orchids," by Rosina L. Gill. Here again is the standing figure of a "Mother and Child;" there is again a dark dress, this time with the mauve of the orchid blossom repeated in the child's sash, and in the fallen petal on the floor. Conceived in quite a different vein, it is instructive to compare the two and note how entirely different is the result, although each in its own way is admirable. Childe Hassam's "Corner of a French Garden" is a gorgeous and very clever study of scarlet geraniums in pots. Another triumph in its way is the portrait by C. Sprague Pearce; its dainty scheme of color can hardly be paraphrased in words. "Peonies," a small figure study by Robert Reid, has a charm all its own, the pink and white blossoms of the flower being the delicate key-note of a very subtle composition. Bruce Crane's Landscape "Indian Summer," Louis C. Tiffany's "Spanish House," Bolton Jones's "Road to the Sea," W. P. Dana's "Coast Scene," D. B. Parkhurst's "Afterglow," Blashfield's "Scenes in Egypt and Greece," Theodore Earl Butler's "Cecile" and "A Quiet Child," Birge Harrison's "Forest of Campagne," all deserve more notice than our space can afford. It must be added that "The Mirror," the seated half-length figure in dress of delicate ecru shading to greenish yellow (which won for Dennis M. Bunker the I. H. Ellsworth gold medal this year) and Carl Newman's splendidly painted "Portrait of Miss H.," contributed in no slight degree to establish the high level of the exhibition. By the courtesy of the artists concerned and of the Committee of the Arts Club, we are enabled to reproduce herewith one of the twenty-five illustrations from the handsome catalogue.



PORTRAIT. SON OF MR. ST. GAUDENS. BY J. S. SARGENT.

(PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.)

tus St. Gaudens's bust of General W. T. Sherman is a triumph of classic realism; without any attempt to idealize the face or the dress, the sculptor has wrought a work worthy of being placed among the veritable antiques, so thoroughly statuesque is the dignity of its presence. His medallion of Robert Louis Stevenson is equally fine, in an entirely different vein. It has caught the expression of the famous author exactly. Propped up in bed by pillows, with a manuscript in one thin, characteristic hand and a cigarette in the other, it is the very man himself as one has heard and seen him. The space in the circle not filled with the relief of the portrait, bears a poem in thirty lines, wrought in simple Roman capitals in low relief. It was to the "Sherman" that the gold medal for sculpture was awarded. J. S. Sargent's portrait of the son of Mr. St. Gaudens, to which was awarded the club's gold medal for painting, is one of his most successful canvases. The exquisite truth of its pose and the rare vitality of every line of the body, no less than the beautiful face itself, reveal the power of a master. Mr. Sargent's two studies "en plein

THE war over the question of the admission of female pupils to the École des Beaux-Arts continues to rage in the Paris journals. Henry Harvard in Le Siècle intimates that it may lead to a consequence which art students in general would deplore, namely, the closing of the school altogether. This measure has been several times considered, he says, by different ministries, and is favorably regarded by the present one. It is defended on the grounds that it would not only effect a considerable economy of the public money, and would settle so far as the state is concerned, the female student question, but would break up a traditional system of teaching which is supposed to be inimical to the development of original qualities in those who are subjected to it. It is pointed out that few of the great painters of the last half century have owed much to the school.